

MASONIC HALL, BENDIGO,
Easter Monday Evening, April 20th, 1908.

Clara Butt
and
Hennerley Rumford

Direction:

J. & N. TAIT.



Anna Pitt-Rivers.

Programme, Monday Evening, April 20th, 1908.



DUET FOR PIANO AND VIOLIN—"Sonatensatz" Brahms

Mr. Frank Merrick and Mr. Carl Barré

SONG "The Two Grenadiers" Schumann

Mr. Kennerley Rumford

To France there journeyed two grenadiers,
Set free from their dark Russian prison ;
But when they came to the German frontiers,
Fresh grief in their hearts had arisen ;

For there did they hear of the tidings of woe—
How France from her depths had been shaken
Her army defeated, her pride brought low,
And their Emperor, their Emperor was taken.

In silence their bitterest tears they shed,
Their country's downfall mourning ;
And then one spoke : 'Would I were dead !
Again is my old wound burning.'

The other said : 'The end has come—
For life I care no longer ;
But I've a wife and child at home,
And they would die of hunger.'

'To wife and child my heart is dead,
By all but one thought forsaken ;
Let the children beg if they want for bread—
My Emperor, my Emperor is taken !

'If thou, my comrade, true wilt prove,
Now death is closing o'er me,
Oh carry my corpse to the France I love,
To rest in the soil that bore me !

'My Cross of Honour, duly tied,
Close to my heart lay on me,
Then place my musket by my side,
And gird my sword upon me.

'And there I'll lie with list'ning ear,
Like a sentinel guarding the forces,
Till the booming cannon shall thunder near
With the noise of the galloping horses.

'When my own gallant Emperor rides o'er the plain,
While shouts with the sword-strokes are blending,
From my grave I shall rise like a soldier again,
My Emperor, my Emperor defending !'

—Paul England.

SOLO PIANOFORTE "Aria con variazioni" Handel

Mr. Frank Merrick

ARIA "O Don Fatale" (Don Carlos) Verdi

Madame Clara Butt

O don fatale, o don Crudel, che in suo furor mi
fece il cielo,

Tu che ci fai, si vanè, altère, ti maledico o mia beltà,
Versar, versar, sol posso il pianto, spene non ho
soffrir dovrò !

Ti maledico, o mia beltà, ah ! ti maledico, o mia
non potrò !

Ti maledico, o mia beltà ah ! to maledico, o mia
beltà.

O mia Regina, io t'immolai al folle error, di questo
cor,

Sola in un chiestro al mondo ormai potrò celar il
mio dolor.

Oh me ! Oh me !

Oh ciel ! E Carlo ? a morte, domani gran Dio !
forse andrà !

Ah ! un di mi resta, la speme m'arride, sia
benedetto, il Ciel ! Lo salvero !

Ah ! un di mi resta, ah sia benedetto, il ciel ! Lo
salvero !

English Version.

O fatal gift ! O cruel gift, which in its anger Heaven
has given me !

Whatever it may do, I curse my proud and haughty
beauty,

I have no hope, and only weep and suffer ;

My crime is horrible, and never can be effaced.

O my Queen, I sacrifice you for my heartfelt crime,
And hide my grief within the cloister walls.

Great Heavens ! to-morrow Carlos goes to death ;
I must be there to see, even at the risk of death
myself.

Ah ! surely one day Hope will smile upon me.

I must save him—with Heaven's blessing I will
save him.

SOLI VIOLIN ... (a) "Ave Maria" ... Schubert-Wilhelmj
 ... (b) "Hungarian Dance" ... Brahms-Joachim
Mr. Carl Barré

SHORT INTERVAL.

SOLO PIANOFORTE "Scherzo C sharp Minor," Op. 39 ... Chopin
Mr. Frank Merrick

SONGS ... *(a) "Time was I Roved the Mountains" ... Hermann Löhr
 ... *(b) "Eyes that used to gaze in Mine" ... }
 *(From Cycle "Songs of the Norseland." Composed for Mr. Kennerley Rumford).
 (c) Maori Poi Song—"Waiata Poi" Written and Composed by Alfred Hill

Mr. Kennerley Rumford

Time was I Roved the Mountains.

Time was I roved the mountains,
 And chased the fleeting deer ;
 Time was I sailed the ocean,
 When morning stars shone clear,
 But now the wintry days have come,
 The angry storm I hear.

Time was I plucked the blossoms,
 That spangled ev'ry bough ;
 Time was I weaved a circlet,
 To bind a curly brow ;
 And still I live, and laugh, and love,
 Altho' 'tis winter now !

Eyes that used to Gaze in Mine.

Eyes that used to gaze in mine,
 Why are you turned away ?
 Hands that used to rest in mine,
 Why do you say me nay ?

Love that once was mine alone,
 Once in life's glorious prime,
 I cannot bear to hear the birds ;
 It is their wedding time.

Waiata Poi (*Poi Song).

Mara, Maori maiden brown,
 Famed for poi play ;
 Far on winds her name is blown,
 Dusky, lithesome fay.

Of this fascinating thing,
 Tiny ball on end of string.

†Kiarite, kiarite,
 Poi porotiti tapara patua.
 Hei ! ha ! hei ! Hei ! ha !
 Hei ! ha ! hei ! Hei ! ha !

Mark the sound the †piu-piu makes
 As her body moves ;
 That it is enchanted flax
 Such sweet music proves.
 Kiarite ! Kiarite ! etc.

REFRAIN—Watch her supple wrist,
 And the poi twirl and twist ;
 Here the gentle tapping,
 'Gainst the raupo wrapping

*"Poi" Play, a rhythmical twisting, swaying and striking of a small ball which is held by a string.
 †Keep the rhythm, twist the Poi to tune.
 ‡"Piu-piu," a kind of mat made of dried flax, and used by Poi dancers as a skirt. It gives a peculiar rustle with every movement of the body.

SONG ... "Abide With Me" (with Organ Obligato) ... S. Liddle

Madame Clara Butt

Abide with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless O abide with me !

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy Grace can foil the tempter's
 power ?

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

—Rev. H. F. Lyte.

SOLO VIOLIN ...

"La Ronde des Lutins" ...

... *Bazzini*

Dr. Carl Barré

DUET ...

"Night Hymn at Sea" (with Organ Obbligato)

Goring Thomas

Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford

Night sinks on the wave ;
Hollow gusts are sighing.
Sea-birds to their cave
Thro' the gloom are flying,
O should storms come sweeping
Thou in Heav'n unsleeping,
O'er Thy children vigil keeping,
Hear and save.

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few and sad and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be
When all else is clouded.
Thou Whose Voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more, Thy pray'r fulfilling
Pow'r dwells with Thee.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Accompanist = Mr. Arthur Godfrey



A. Heimerley Rufford



ALLAN & CO.

MELBOURNE,

BENDIGO,

GEELONG,

Are Sole Agents.

PIANOS

That are used
by Artists are
used because
they are Good
Pianos.

THE
THURMER
ECKE
LIPP
FEURICH and
BECHSTEIN

Are Good Pianos.

FLIGHT & CO., Sole Agents